

THE  
PUNCH 'N' JUDY  
SHOW

Rik Verlin Livingston





**RUE**

It's still awake and waiting. I can't know why it  
of insomnia. I love sleep. Yet, I sometimes love them  
Some kind of somnolent seductress is my muse.  
down, so I am a good mechanic  
with my hands. I am a good mechanic  
myself. I am a good man. I am a good man.  
myself. I am a good man. I am a good man.  
myself. I am a good man. I am a good man.  
myself. I am a good man. I am a good man.







QUESTION

Reality...

don't substitute  
Your life  
for facts..

the twilight

keep  
an  
open

mind.

it's Not Madness

No... it's rational to accept  
the irrational...

the dream

lose  
yourself.

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tRA



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88

as I lie Beneath  
the

blankets,

In the blackness,  
to keyboards Chucklings  
are birthed WILD VISIONS

the dance  
of TINY FEET!

in the stereo,

now, waltz-like skutteling,

euphorious, tinkeling,

crawling, rising,

spinning, falling,

intricate rhythm

lies about me

all around me,

Trapped between its CHORDS,

Mesmeric concerto

Arachnids crescendo

in fiendish FINALE

hissing in closing,

they scamper like ECHOES

88 legged black Widows

die softly

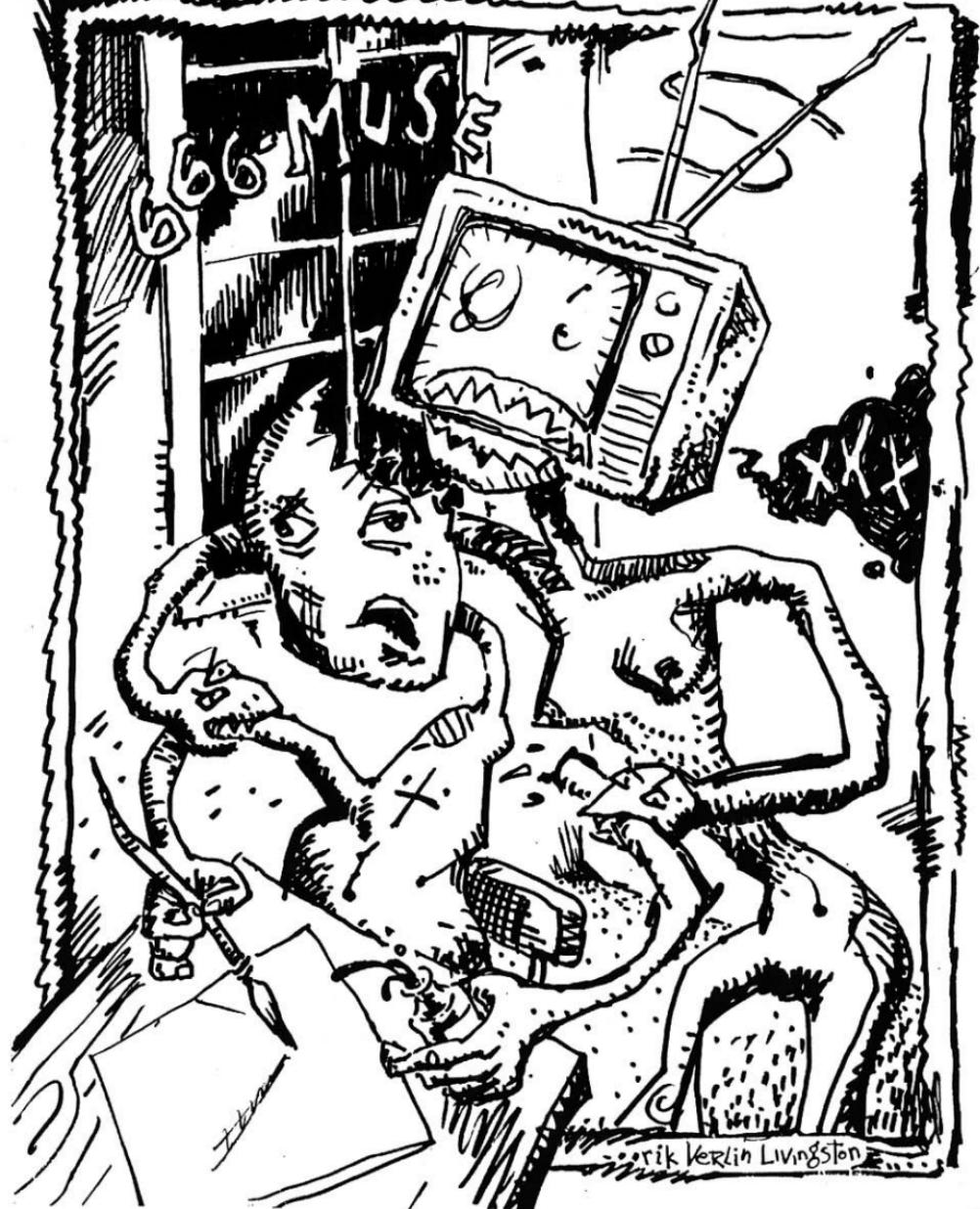
into the dark.

None of what they tell you  
is true

so  
Don't let  
them  
fool  
you...  
- fool  
your-  
self!



Cartoon of the ANXi-MUSE





But is it ART?

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